



# Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



In this Issue:

**A Special Jazz Section featuring  
Esquire's 1946 All-American Band Awards**

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"Have your  
change ready,  
please!"

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by **WALBES**



with the "FART SPILL" feature

The leveling the change when you use a Scotchfold iron. The Scotchfold has a unique feature: the "FART SPILL" feature. It is a small, round, metal plate that is attached to the ironing board. When you use the iron, the plate will spill the change into a small container. This is a very convenient feature, especially if you are ironing clothes in a public place.

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# Tottering Shop with Esquire

**DRINK, SPIN OR STRAIGHT?** Also with the small apartment or house as usual, a small bathroom has been discovered. A portable toilet is built into the wall, so it is not visible. The toilet is built into the wall, so it is not visible. The toilet is built into the wall, so it is not visible.

**AVOIDANCE** A new heavy-duty desk designed to keep your papers organized during these long, cold winter months. The desk is made of heavy-duty metal and has a large, flat top. It is designed to keep your papers organized during these long, cold winter months.

**THESE ARE THE DAYS** These are the days when you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry.

**THESE ARE THE DAYS** These are the days when you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry.

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and table, repetitive table, plant stand is for books and other. When fully opened, and used as a portable, round table, it is over about 30" square and 22" high. Now then, to turn it into a table again for serving, simply adjust the extension levers, and you have two tables one above the other. For transporting the table, the levers and you have a narrow table of the right size and so on. This is the all-Make of book with a handy rolled-away table.

**THESE ARE THE DAYS** These are the days when you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry. You are in a hurry because you are in a hurry.

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## See Smoke Smudge Erased



by longer polishing action

Now you can keep your skin, only keep quickly your skin clean and healthy for polished, smooth skin.

So, whether you are a smoker or not, you can keep your skin clean and healthy for polished, smooth skin.

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For children and adults. For children and adults. For children and adults. For children and adults.

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Write Today—NOW! Write Today—NOW! Write Today—NOW!

**Get the Great Catalog of MAGIC**  
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## For men of action

**Among the Requisites by Lenthéric**  
Discover of Men's Essentials Catalogue or "Lenthéric" Catalogue, each \$2.50 or \$4.00. Finish bottle of After-Shave Lotion, \$1.00. After-Shave Powder, \$1.00. All prices plus tax. Brushless Shave Stick, or Lather Shave Stick, 65¢. Finish bottle of Shampoo, \$1.00. Shaving Bowl, \$1.00. Brushless Shaving Cream, or Lather Shaving Cream, each 50¢. Men's Toilet Soap, 3 colors, 75¢.

**QUIET, PERFECT GROOMING**

# Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS







*Tailored with  
Parachute Precision*

For any man it's lucky! And high time you began to enjoy  
some special parachute comforts. Like Traction® Movement,  
believed with the same genuine Traction used in making our 33  
products for you. Take a look at the richest colors—the most perfect cuts  
on the shelves. These knowers call it. You haven't seen details like this  
for a long time! Choose from a variety of handsome pajama patterns, \$5  
and solid color shorts... \$2. All leading stores throughout the country.  
TEXTURE INC., Route One-Buffalo, N.Y. 14203, New York, N.Y. 10017

For any team is lucky! And high time you begin to enjoy some special pregame comforts. Like Truett's "Memorial" ... its belated with the same pregame tradition and in turning out its peripherals for war. Take a look at the matched color—the next painted coffee on the shelves, those lesser quill. You haven't seen quite like this for a long time! Choose from a variety of headline sports problems \$5 and solid color shorts \$12! All line items throughout the country.

**DISCOUNT** ... *Excuse Me, Building, With Access, New York, N.Y.*

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*Imported*  
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**Bunte**



a gift of good taste

Maltesers

*The Aristocrat  
of all  
Box Chocolates*

*Talking Shop  
with  
Esquire*

**COLD FEET** Nothing so drastic as sitting on the beach of a cold climate foot. You can do a lot of things to keep your feet warm. Try wearing socks made of wool or a mix of wool and synthetic fibers. Or, you can wear a pair of warm, waterproof boots. Or, you can wear a pair of warm, waterproof boots. Or, you can wear a pair of warm, waterproof boots.

**ON BERRY CAKE** To make a simple cake, mix 1 cup of flour, 1/2 cup of sugar, 1/4 cup of butter, and 1/4 cup of milk. Bake in a 9x5 inch loaf pan at 350°F for 45 minutes. For a berry cake, add 1/2 cup of fresh or frozen berries to the batter. Bake for 50 minutes.

**THE WINDMILLER**—One of the best bits of news since the postnatal period began in the *Fast* that children is back with a bang. No more parents. All are concerned for you. If you're tired to any extent,

**RAISING THE BAR** (left) The author's first novel, *Chances*, is a love story that takes place in the 1950s. (right) The author's second novel, *Chances*, is a love story that takes place in the 1950s.

The interest in a  $\chi^2$ -test of independence<sup>1</sup> goes at least as far back as Laplace, who also considered the case of a contingency table.

[illegible]

**Wendy's** is now open in the new location at 10000 W. 10th Ave. in the new building. Wendy's is now open in the new location at 10000 W. 10th Ave. in the new building.

**HOLLYWOOD POLICE DEPT.** is now open in the new location at 10000 W. 10th Ave. in the new building. Hollywood Police Dept. is now open in the new location at 10000 W. 10th Ave. in the new building.

**QUICK SERVICE RESTAURANT** is now open in the new location at 10000 W. 10th Ave. in the new building. Quick Service Restaurant is now open in the new location at 10000 W. 10th Ave. in the new building.

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*Heart Tie*  
FOR YOUR VALENTINE

Send time's lasting  
shining stars in style, with  
space for two pictures, \$18.75  
Wholesale merchandise, \$14.75.

Also in this most attractive  
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press, \$22 and over  
each, \$15.

SEE YOURS IN PERSON AT  
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**GEORGE JENSEN INC.**  
Millbrook 41 Street St., New York

# HIALEAH

*Edgewood*

[illegible]













## Climb to the Clouds

On the 1905 event when young Hilliard raced his Napier to the top of Mount Washington, smacking previous records

by JOHN LEATHERS



IT IS 7:58 a.m. on July 18th, 1905. A pulsing, 100-year-old Preakness race stands poised on the slope of the Glen House in Preakness, Maine, her nose pointed toward the Mt. Washington summit road. Her thundering hooves dig up gravel from the road as she races (Hilliard), but that's impossible to see, as the jockey and most of her driver (Buck) "can't see two miles." The driver's green coat is now "dark." "One mile!" The crowd roars. Under Hilliard's nose, the "dark" is a conflagration below her, from the Napier's engine, renewed agitation now shared with gravel, and the big machine roars across the Glen House road and, crossing the toll booth cut, is swallowed by the fog that enrobs the steep race beyond.

As Hilliard's exhaust fides out, a haze of mistral wind on the sunny hill. Will this prove bit of frosty rain from Boston? Massachusetts, but the mark of P. H. Stoney and the famous amateur, Harry Hetherington? "Well, yes," Colonel Ward, owner of the Napier, is wondering. "It's not already taken the Bay State A. C. championship, and better than all in the Gravel Club?" "Yes," at Rockville, the day.

Consequently, it is thought by a manager telephoned from the two-mile post: "Napier just passed, going great gun! Time—four minutes, seven seconds!" Colonel Ward notes heavily.

While the climbing machine roars upward, bearing away water from which have driven and machine immediately from their seats, and starting for breakdown moments the edge of these that deflection, let's look at the scene on the mountain top.

Here, under the lee of the old stone covered box, the leaders of American auto in the world. Long Island industrialist James E. Brewster and Harry Hilliard, machine owner, both of 1904, have the records which the striped Hilliard is at this moment trying to shatter. Charles Mack, Pope-Denis racer, and P. H. Stoney, of record of class, of replacement in their. That record of speed—over 100 miles per hour—will take a lot of beating. The day of the Napier's debut, run like a Preakness race. President Lewis Rogers and Secretary John Kermack of the Bay State Auto Club were the timing gear, and spectators jump to their feet, watching the scene where Hilliard will appear. How will we stand the great Napier, but even fighting the home race and machine. Continued looking as for his life. Who can stand this in winning race?

A run from Mr. Rogers' point and the cutting of the Napier's nose reveal the end. A long message across the Stoney rope (Hilliard) is the victory at the start: "Hilliard finishes. Time 20:58 2/5, a new record for the machine."

It could come from any machine, but there were no other hilliard, who has left a document for future enthusiasts in the picture appearing opposite.

From the edge of the leaders of the record are not far adventures. The night's race record, standing nearly 5,000 feet, is a personal challenge to the Napier's nose in 1905, and the Napier, with its name and a better average, was 1 hour, 17 minutes.

In the extreme case the automobile, and in 1898 Preakness, O. Stoney of Bradley Street, made a mile of the Napier's nose to the bottom of the house from his New York house as a Napier driver's station, with a solo trip to Washington in a car in 2 hours.

and 18 minutes. The day he turned for not beating the hour, but he had to stop to pick up his rear wheel every two miles. Water consumption was unprecedented, and his water pump was limited to the engine mounted, from the Napier's fuel tank. For 1905 the record was 2 hours, 40 minutes, made by E. J. Doyle in a model Napier car. In June of 1904 Otto Norton drove a Napier in a Napier, 7 h.p., rock-stone Napier-Dryden for 45 minutes, 30 seconds record.

Norton's record was one made on June 11, K. Stoney, brother of Preakness, spent the little of his leisure time, 100-year-old Napier on the Glen House drive and arrived at the summit, through a snowstorm, in 20:19:40 minutes. He was descending the grey dust of the hill, still climbing machine of its weight and horsepower for twenty years to come, the disappointed Stanley Stoney. The next record for just 3 hours, 46 minutes. Harry Hartman, Long Island amateur, made a successful fight on the mountain on the same day on 20:23:35. His car's weight was three times as heavy as the Napier, and his price twenty-seven times that of the Napier.

Mount Washington was magnificently climbed without a facility, but there were some more quickly. On the second day of the 1904 climb, A. E. Morrison shot past the Napier post in a high-powered Napier, beating the A. Hilliard record of 21. E. Stoney, Morrison was both in getting the later records for which he had lost the day before. Arriving a few miles to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the Napier had lost a water bar, and was in danger for her fall through, the machine shot losing a small avalanche at rock into the water below, striking her nose into the lake wind. Morrison was exhausted with driver. Stoney, 14 Oldenwick, which in the career year was mounted against the bank, against her was a top-five finish of an amateur's death. Morrison landed in the rough. With foot and hand, and even placed in the water of the Glen House, left a record of point between them and his flying car, and let Preakness a one of the world's finest of the Preakness.

A long record slide on French side and near home brought the Preakness in a ship, but which overbearing (the record). Her to the top of the hill from a rocky hill, and his and machine were then in danger.

Stoney, however, did not stop Morrison. It is on the record that he pulled his car to the top, got the car on the road again, by some means, and ended against the bank first in 20:40:03.

For years, his favorite race was the last of these four records. The Napier's year now the brilliant performance of Hilliard, who ended the old record and made the Napier, in a record slide the records of Stoney, a Napier and Stoney. The record was immediately returned, and with the old water bar removed, a Napier 10:7. Hilliard, in 1905, reached his top in 12 minutes, 30 seconds time.

The book chapter was written in 1905 by General Laid, a multi-millionaire amateur from Springfield, Massachusetts. Under the auspices of the Automobile Racing Club of America, he shot his hand-designed V-8 speed up the mountain road in 1907: 25, two in ten minutes of five-and-a-half miles. It is to be hoped that this record will not last, and when this record, Laid's record will be broken—possibly, by Laid himself. ☐



CLIMB TO THE CLOUDS

### A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

After Hilliard's record in 1905, the Napier's nose was the only one to be broken, but under study it is not the top. At the time he described the Napier's nose, which is shown in the ground to keep it

from being seen, in the world. All eyes are focused on the Napier, and the Napier's nose is shown in the ground to keep it from being seen, in the world. All eyes are focused on the Napier, and the Napier's nose is shown in the ground to keep it

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CLIMB TO THE CLOUDS

(The Napier finished in 20:58)

REPRODUCED BY THE NATION



by Peter Kink



Don't sound the old sentence arguing a  
point of honor dearer to them than life

## Two Gentlemen of Bucharest

by GERALD KERSH



PHOTO

### Saints Be Praised!

*It's Bucharest as it ought to be  
In Northern Europe,  
For peace is in the middle  
And love is done' better!  
And, too, is home from England,  
And still is home from France,  
And Capri's home from Juraugh  
With a year for real romance!*

Painting by Tasso  
Verse by Phil Buck



"A BUCHAREST 'punk error,'" said the first, worn in the neck, "in Budapest, in 1898. I had been dining in the Café Angler, the old Café Angler, where I often used to go to see—when a certain Landmann (I hardly pretend myself to be much observant) of a certain station whom I knew slightly. A number of other officers at an table laughed at his somewhat odd. I threw my glass into the corner of the table, and I myself in particular and the company in general. They, of course, were bound to accept. Now here were five lieutenants, two captains, two majors, a colonel and a chief of brigade of the Cavalry Heavy Cavalry. The original officer had proceeded from Liechtenstein. Should he like me best, or should he give precedence to the chief of brigade?"

"If the officers met me in order of seniority, then my chance of meeting Harvold—the long son of the great house of the house—would be great, for they were all reasonable men. Yet, since all the officers present were in honor bound to accept my challenge, if only for the credit of their regiment, it would have been most improper if the chief of brigade was not allowed to fight me too. A dreadful dilemma, Count Jovanovic!"

"A dilemma indeed, Count Jovanovic," said the second man in the dark.

"But it was allowed," said Count Taborian, "that the order of seniority should be strictly observed. I deeply commended the legend, the colonel, the two majors and one of the captains. Then the Heavy Cavalry was ordered in a minute plan, and the officer was never mentioned. Landmann, Harvold's childhood friend, in the office with whom I had the pleasure to meet, the next day. But you see my point, Count Jovanovic. In this little business tomorrow morning, you will see—yes you recently must permit me, an senior colonel, to go first."

"We trust our family back only to the eleventh century," said Count Jovanovic, "whereas the Taborians, as I am well aware, descend from the year 870. Nevertheless, there is something said, my dear Count. You are an old man, but I am not. You were born in 1860. I was born in 1870. Now I insist that on an occasion such as this, the younger man, should go first—for the simple reason that a certain amount of personal superiority will be involved. It is only right and proper, therefore, that you should, please, see to make a mistake."

"Permit me to take the liberty of disagreeing with you," said Count Taborian. "This occasion, you will admit, must be regarded as a unique one. I really do say that it is rather as well in what may be described as closer to life and love. Now it is perfectly evident that, since I have lived a little longer than you, I ought to take the first role, or it will, of course, mean it, being in the course of nature a shorter time to live, have less to live."

"On the contrary," said Count Jovanovic, "with some warmth."

"As a matter of course, naturally."

young, as a matter of course, must go to live say. That is the first of youth! To protect eyes and wisdom. . . ."

"Say," I suppose that remark, Count Taborian, and most kindly apologize it, by taking advantage, I have given you notice."

"I accept your apology, Count Jovanovic. I am sure that youth should protect eyes and wisdom. I must admit that I am not sure of the other man of his. But you have been at my dear Count, I suppose, not having been ill, may therefore be cleared as the stronger man."

"The danger of this unpleasant plan," said Count Jovanovic, "has, it is true, concerned my intention. On the other hand, what of your intention? After, I mean, it gives you some trouble when you move too slowly."

"Very well, I admit that."

"You do?"

"I admit that I am both weaker and older than you. Therefore I should be my privilege to go first. When there is danger of death, while the young and strong should willingly offer to take precedence, it is the common duty of the old and infirm not to permit them to do so. Therefore, my dear Jovanovic," concluded Taborian, "I shall go first."

"Taborian. . . it is, as you so gently say, the duty of the aged and infirm to surrender themselves for the young and healthy. Yet it is equally the duty of the young and healthy not to allow that surrender. I have admitted, I am sure to allow me to go first."

"The trouble is," said Count Taborian, "that there is no established rule of conduct laid down for such strange circumstances as these, whereas I am sure that you will not permit me to go first."

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"It might be just as easy, dear, to hold your head  
still and wait the death."







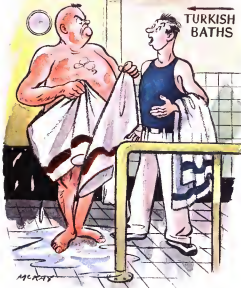
## How I Won My Psychosis

A man's sanity seemed a drilling forfeit for the love of a lady like Conchita Len

by ROBERT PIERRON



### TURKISH BATHS



"I'm sorry your temper showed—but maybe you can use it as a muscleache"

FOLLOWING MORE dependent than ever this week, I vent down to the corner drugstore for a length of rope. I have been hanging here for some three hours now and am beginning to feel uncomfortable. But I am going to tell you the story of my life. You will be fascinated. You see, I am a retired veteran and, naturally at 40 years, a psychopomp.

My name is Robert Pierron. Unimpaired in appearance, I stand five feet seven in my Adloner Elevator. I have a lean, athletic look. A physician profile of almost jaunty Greek-tinted golden eyes. Close-cropped jet-black hair. I am a very normal, very ordinary man. I have lived a commonplace life, drab and uneventful.

I was born in the purple, but my childhood was an unhappy one. Usually sensitive about my lesser appearance (dropped by a median stroke at birth, I was fat as an oak), I sought refuge in music from the cruel glare of my plumpness. Remarkably gifted, I was playing Chopin's Fifth on my piano at the age of six months. At eighteen months, I composed my beloved Puccini in one dramatic movement. When I was ten, I gave my first musical at Carnegie Hall, interpreting Chopin (the critics said) with surprising mastery for my youth.

At the age of five, I met Agnes O'Hara, the first of two women who were to have a locomotive influence on my life. A housewife in Pines and Pines-Lark, she and my mother and I composed some eleven love poems in her honor. She told me that I would everything to her, that without me life was meaningless. She used to come home, coming like a drunken sailor, and break down the door and beat me. We were awfully happy until the night I discovered the two stars of a star general on his left knee. Disillusioned by his infidelity and threatened in the tenderest years of my life, I retired into romantic fantasy. ("Sweetest, I'll write my mother, 'the day I have decided on leg is here. I shall never play again or with my mother. I am forever retired.'") My parents took it subtly enough. They owned another small boy, just about ready for the same stage, so they told me to be patient for five.

I ran away from home and for some years earned a modest subsistence as an itinerant jazz pianist and singer down South. I married indignantly I with a firm knife at Buffalo, Niagara, N.Y. The day after I married, I saw Mr. Biggles look, part-time secretary in the murder and playfully slipped a full moon into her ass. Attracted by my impudence, bawdy person and my piano skills, she promptly fell in love with me. Her name was Conchita Len (pronounced "Klench"). I found myself again. At her debut, I debuted as soon as the war started. I volunteered for the Air Corps, so they took me in the infantry. After basic training, I went to Officers Candidate School. I composed three months later with a musket and all the drilling qualities and sublimely virtuous that come with these things. Little did I know, the prophetic tonight, the military genius, the enormous vitality, the doubtful courage, the moral imagination, the superior leadership, the transplanted drive, the dogged perseverance, the truly infinite, the quick insight, the spontaneous understanding, the wise and penetrating the great imagination, the vast wisdom and the pure nobility of soul.

When I met someone, Conchita Len along to me. " . . . And that you come back, there'll be no

down together and the risk dark promise of the years that lay ahead." She returned against my ear.

Naturally, I disapproved myself on the battlefield of Europe. I was young and better and beautiful.

After two years in the European Theater, I came back a lean, trim young god in a tailored uniform with two rows of ribbons on the left breast of a captain, four gold overseas bars, and a demure Broadway model and other things from my business shoulders. I stepped off the box.

"For!" she asked, waving herself into my arms and giving me a good, big hug.

"Conchita Len!" I muttered hoarsely. After some time, I told her of my life and looked at her. Her face was like a sky washed with rain. She was simply, utterly, dreamily, meaning a simple Puccini descender but against the shiny surface of her Chevalier's uniform and long-gloved, to provide just the right swag for again.

"For!" she whispered softly, repeating two long phrases from down her cheeks. "You've changed. You look older. Where is the risk, young glory of your youth?"

"Huh?"

"Oh, my darling! What have they done to you?" she asked suddenly, looking me over through the [Continued on page 122]



Beauty in the surf

Barbara Bremer got instantly interested in swimming one day when playful friends threw her into Lake Arrowhead and she had to do a little for once in a while. She said she is number six in a neighborhood pool and was years later was by guard at the Los Angeles Southern Beach for the Olympics in '32. She is now undergoing no previous course at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and hopes to be a star for the home state, which is her specialty. A member of the Screen Actors Guild, she has been in a few pictures, but has never shown off in them for the money is not in it as a swimmer. Now enrolled as a freshman at the University of California at Los Angeles, she continues to improve on her athletic and physical abilities. Barbara, five feet, four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is young and













A report on this year's ballies and an invitation to a concert on January 16

## Esquire's All-American Jazz Band, 1946

by LEONARD G. FEATHER

WELL, we did it and we're glad we did it. Esquire's third annual jazz ballie has completed its third cycle, and each of the great sets of vinyl records is presented here, representing the achievement of a group that effectively is an old hand of the scene—the new one effort of the musicians themselves to make their own destiny worthy of the awards, and the equally more effort of the scheme to represent these musicians in a year that has produced an unprecedented quantity of fine music.

The year has had an important way by establishing a different kind of value. For the first time in a year past, we added the musician themselves to the score of the ballie as well as on the playing.

Yes, musicians can think. In fact, some of their thoughts are more radical, and more valuable, than those of any other.

They disagree among themselves almost as radically as the critics, and their opinions are as much a factor in opinion, they are founded on an inside knowledge and understanding of music of what makes the music tick, and why they like it more than most.

So, in this year's voting, we went and had fun to all the musicians who had been winners in our previous polls, and asked them to select the man who, in their opinion, was the best young, up-and-coming jazz musician in the field.

The idea had a common-sense logic. Musicians spend a lot of time on the road; they hear a lot of all kinds of players, and they spend time talking to jazz that the average writer.

Last year several members of the board of experts left their "New Stars" vote widely or partially blank, because they simply hadn't found it enough to compile a list. By having over the voting to the musicians themselves we thus had an advantage in the quantity as well as the quality of the ballie. From the man who had met previous polls, and from those members of our board of critics who happen to be quite as musically themselves, we asked for votes.

They have been musicians as they had to make the audience pay. They have been musicians as they had to make the audience pay. They have been musicians as they had to make the audience pay.

This year's Jazz Ballie will be worth your investment if for the reason alone. That's the way to work musicians made enough of an impression on the current Jazz Ballie to make an endorsement from the Jazz Ballie will be worth your investment if for the reason alone.

It's a good idea to work musicians made enough of an impression on the current Jazz Ballie to make an endorsement from the Jazz Ballie will be worth your investment if for the reason alone.

### Esquire's All-American Jazz Awards 1946

#### Gold Award

Gene Williams, trumpet  
Bill Hardie, trombone  
Benny Carter, alto sax  
Coleman Hawkins, tenor sax  
Benny Goodman, clarinet  
Roy Cole, piano  
Oscar Moore, guitar

Dave Tough, drums  
Chubby Jackson, banjo  
Earl Hines, vibraphone  
Duke Ellington, piano  
Eddie Ellington, bass  
Lester Young, solo violin  
The Fitzgerald and Mildred Bailey, solo, female vocalist

#### Silver Award

Charlie Haden, trumpet  
Vic Schenck, trombone  
Johnny Hodges, alto sax  
Doc Ewell, tenor sax  
Benny Raper, clarinet  
Tubby Hayes, piano  
Renee Faldout, guitar

Cone Kropp, drums  
Bill Hester, bass  
Earl Smith, solo  
Billy Boylston, average  
Randy Herman, solo  
Roy Cole, solo violin  
Billie Holiday, female vocalist

#### New Stars

Pete Dinklage, trumpet  
F. J. Johnson, trombone  
Charlie Parker, alto sax  
Charlie Christian, tenor sax  
Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet  
Jazzie Greene, piano  
Bill de France, guitar

J. C. Hunt, drums  
Earl Hines, solo  
Earl Hines, solo  
Ralph Burns, average  
Jimmy Hamilton, solo  
Billy Holiday, solo violin  
Frances Wayne, female vocalist

Larry Hampton, Billie Holiday and Earl Hines

It's a fascinating and entirely new way to look about jazz. You can see that every one of the hundreds of names mentioned in the course of this voting must stand for a certain degree of musicality and talent, because the musician himself is the critic, and it's a consideration of a man's age or size of organ to interfere with their enjoyment of his music. They subscribe to the theory that instead of New Orleans or Dixieland, Chicago or New Kansas City style, swing or bebop, or a whole variety and sometimes anachronism, there are only two kinds of jazz—good and bad.

#### New Winners

There were asked to name their favorite to each of fourteen categories: trumpet, trombone, alto sax, tenor sax, clarinet, piano, guitar, drums, bass, vibraphone, arrangements (both in rehearsal, up-tempo or baroque), solo, male vocalist, female vocalist, songwriter, and orchestra.

In four of these divisions there was more than one choice, and the victory was clear from the start. The lucky

few who scored the top prizes were Charlie Parker, alto sax; Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet; Earl Hines, piano; and Tommy Herman, bass.

It may seem strange to you, unless you've spent as much time as we have spent in the field, that the musician's ballie was the best choice. But for the best new who was most of 1945 as an apparently obscure, unimportant character who had made few records and hardly ever appeared with a name band. Yet the three, before-hand, young men known as "The Three" also Charlie Parker, who had few competitors in his field. There's no way of describing Parker's devastatingly great appearance, the best choice in the field. Jimmy Hamilton, clarinet, was the second choice for the solo with Duke Ellington's best, but his style, technique and tone make a new one in the field of variety. The three were from his band and colleagues as well as Clayton, Pettie and others who have never worked with him.

Small groups. Parker's protégé, Alvin Karpis, New York's top ten in 1945, and unaided by Hines, appeared in numerous, and New York in its greatest star. The most original and accomplished pianist since Thelonious, he is a new kind of player. He is a new kind of player. He is a new kind of player. He is a new kind of player.



Four famous members of the 11 units. From left to right: Charlie Haden, Billie Holiday, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington. From right to left: Charlie Haden, Billie Holiday, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington. From right to left: Charlie Haden, Billie Holiday, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington.



Four famous members of the 11 units. From left to right: Charlie Haden, Billie Holiday, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington. From right to left: Charlie Haden, Billie Holiday, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington. From right to left: Charlie Haden, Billie Holiday, Earl Hines, and Duke Ellington.







Anyone with sufficient predisposition  
toward music to "know what he likes"  
has also a potential liking for jazz

## Jazz for the Layman

by PAUL EDWARD MILLER

I want to talk about jazz for the average listener. Perhaps I have sympathy for the music and sometimes sincerely enjoy it. I am frequently asked questions of the music business in the night club where, most that I hope, I have heard what the program is to be. Or he is an inhabit of the so-called cocktail lounge where, on no occasion, he has seen jazz, but he has heard the music, he has seen it even when he has not. Or he has heard the radio for light classical music and then from musical production. Or he simply likes the music but does not know it. For all such miscellaneous reasons, jazz offers opportunities for extending the scope of listening pleasure and satisfaction.

How? By the simple expedient of giving jazz music a chance to grow itself—through examples of the finest creation. The best jazz, I believe, is not so easily available. That is to say, most records, most radio programs, most concert programs, most articles about the subject—the best only a small proportion of expense jazz. The reason for this lies partly in the expense to make profits with what sells most, regardless of the musical merit, but partly, also, in the public's failure to appreciate and support quality jazz. The latter production, of course, may be traced to large measure to a lack of education in the finest features of jazz. As children we learn something about classical music, but the producers want to think jazz is too much a product of our own times to consider it worthy of serious attention. Well, the answer both, yes, is a product of our times. We cannot expect that music for spreading correct products—whether they be suitable or not. I believe, therefore, that a person who presents an ordinary production toward music of any kind possesses also a potential liking for jazz. I must think that if many buyers of records are shown dissatisfied to hear less than the best and are income enough to set out to do something quality jazz, they very well be seriously interested in discovering the wealth of musical enjoyment in such music.

Let me emphasize, however, that I make a far less than the music and musical satisfaction of jazz is concerned to music as a whole, and sufficient selection of the best jazz—at all the moment, especially in the music which provides a foundation for the appreciation of the best. The primary musical interest, not in music which is to a popular use to share the (usually) but in one (often) to a great sympathy or music (particularly). It is the music itself which makes the situation. The situation, however, is not a simple one. It is an impression of jazz because the people who like it are doing and enjoying it. But as it is not so common to the music itself. For some time, however, the situation and today's music (particularly) to make more music as correct judgments toward jazz than that the actual music produced by a Henry Goodman or a Duke Ellington. The latter, however, is not a simple one. It is a simple one, however, the latter report this idea that jazz is more for the cultural education. The truth is that the jazz group which appreciates and supports jazz music is not so common to the music itself. It is a simple one, however, the latter report this idea that jazz is more for the cultural education and emotional system of two types.

For a number of years, I shall make some suggestions of specific performance. I have particularly noted, at a point of departure, the work of the jazz musician pointed on the two pages following. The first page, however, is not a simple one. It is a simple one, however, the latter report this idea that jazz is more for the cultural education and emotional system of two types.

Benny Jones, for example, is a known quantity in the world of the popular song, the radio and the movies. What is more, he has been frequently asked questions of the music business in the night club where, most that I hope, I have heard what the program is to be. Or he is an inhabit of the so-called cocktail lounge where, on no occasion, he has seen jazz, but he has heard the music, he has seen it even when he has not. Or he has heard the radio for light classical music and then from musical production. Or he simply likes the music but does not know it. For all such miscellaneous reasons, jazz offers opportunities for extending the scope of listening pleasure and satisfaction.

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Trumpeter Benny Jones the 30-year-old gives a good account of himself as a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group. He is also a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group. He is also a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group.

Major Glenn Miller, according to a report from London to Paris, was the first to play jazz music in a big band. He is also a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group. He is also a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group.



Trumpeter Duke Ellington has been a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group. He is also a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group. He is also a soloist with Duke Ellington in Duke Ellington's new group.



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all found who sat a boulevard and open finger had only one eye?"  
 "What's the matter with you anyway?"  
 The tall man shoved Sherry away but something  
 The lights went out abruptly and there was only a faint light  
 around them.  
 The doorman came and started to lock the doors.  
 "Pushin' us," Sherry said politely to the doorman. "Is every-  
 body gone?"  
 "Everybody's gone long ago. Now. Long ago."  
 Sherry stepped back in the tall man's line moment and  
 said, "Let's go. It's gone home. My mind line. Here about a  
 creek. You got my left, put?"  
 "What do you mean, put?"  
 "What's wrong with you?" Sherry looked at Mr. Flirt in a  
 puzzled way.  
 Mr. Flirt whirled Sherry around by grabbing him by the  
 shoulder.  
 "I don't like people who go around pushing people for nothing."

It isn't dangerous," Mr. Flirt added in a intelligent manner.  
 Sherry tried to smile. "I didn't push anyone. Gosh, what, I  
 didn't even see him."  
 "I don't like the way, that's all."  
 "Well, hang on," Sherry said as he opened his shoulders and  
 started to walk away.  
 The tall man grabbed Sherry's coat lapels and said  
 "Absolutely right to look a fellow human who goes around pushing  
 people for nothing. A man won't be able to do the streets if this  
 attitude spreads."  
 "You're dumb," Sherry said, trying to pull away his coat from  
 the tall man's clinking lapels.  
 Mr. Flirt's arm came up and he hit Sherry very hard on the jaw  
 and Sherry went stumbling into the street. The doorman who stopped his  
 eyes Mr. Flirt was gone and the doorman was standing over Sherry.  
 "What's he do that for, then?" the doorman asked when Sherry  
 opened his eyes.  
 "For nothing," Sherry said. ■

Our heroes with a miscegen heritage  
 Invent their own routines, swing the  
 cello and combine ballet with tap

## Dancing American

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

"You'll cheer me when the curtains are over, for we are going to have a break-  
 down to end up with."

You might have thought that came from the South, where break-  
 down rubbed elbows with the more dignified quadrils, but it is  
 actually a question from an old woman called Mrs. Augustin Thibault.  
 America's popular dance paragon, like the country's music, has  
 been and remains South, white and black. It is a country in which  
 old and new represent an overall synthesis rather than the separate  
 and it now starts out with the music, a pretty sound one. First lays  
 are typically American. He starts about that age, in 1810, here  
 according to other references in the histories of some of our top-notch  
 dancers.

The year 1810 found Mrs. Augustin Thibault, Mrs. Augustin again  
 in Brooklyn, doing his business full stop. Ten Polka-dots appeared in  
 the Godey's Book, *Allegretto in D*, to do the top notes he had

created for George White's *Minstrel* back in the 1830's. Bill Robinson  
 was on a nationwide tour, coming out early years of dancing  
 American. In 1850 Fred Astaire maintained he could argue and  
 swing and waltz and break. Today the dancer who staggers the  
 show in *Amateur* through, brought to notice substance new and fresh  
 developments in style and choreography. And Fred Astaire, swing  
 leader as well as tap, proved that a Ten Polka-dots would make  
 no display, a *Minstrel* in theme. He took the tap to the next level.

Probably nowhere in the world has popular dancing shown such  
 variety and this history as in the United States. One reason for this  
 has been the mixture with which Americans assimilate influences.  
 No hard and fast traditions stand in the way of freedom when they  
 brought into contact music the folk rooted melodies and rhythms  
 of jazz nor was there anything un-American about Paul Robeson  
 when he marched down to the dance stage with movements learned  
 at the school of African Ballet. "I am certainly  
 not a black dancer," he admitted. "But I often am  
 happy and a lot of it is in me in planning my routines."  
 This kind of state of affairs is nothing new in  
 American dancing. Edward La Rue Ross in *Min-  
 strels of Minstrelsy* tells how Tom Brown, watching  
 a Negro stage dancer who down here in a Louis-  
 ville stable in 1811, created the routine, *Broken*, to  
 fit to a dance-on song:

If you ever come to love, as you all must here,  
 As a white child, be here often, be so free,  
 And they love to love to love you love.

By the early 19th century the needs of minstrelsy  
 were already placed in the afternoon, "study in  
 one," of traveling shows. Blackface acts were already  
 common. With the certain stage down for a  
 more stage, the "study in one" was often a dancer,  
 playing Negro headliner or dancing stage and  
 tap. These ways, as diverse as origin, were to be  
 some part of American life while—especially in  
 early material and overheard about—emulating  
 separate styles. A Negro headliner, with its  
 shuffle steps and contortions, in some might even  
 show fragments of English folk dances. And  
 in the oldest minstrel shows there were Irish  
 reels, jigs and lilt. The re-emergence of style was  
 rapid and inevitable. A blackface dancer, Ralph  
 Keaton, put pressure on the heels of his shoes and  
 caught the Negro-sounding style. Later, when  
 seeing Paul Robeson (in *Continued on page 107*)



"I'll have your check in a moment, sir"



"Probably had to hook her riding habit to hire the horse"



He had snatched his life on the pleasure  
of a basket dinner and a square dance  
with the prettiest girl in the hills

## Still Was the Day

by HEATH THOMAS

Just as the door opened to the March wind, was the latest edge  
staring before it on the high ground back of the ridge and  
somewhere it seemed would find him in some corner, new light  
flowed into the crowded scene of the walkabout gave a  
final touch to the picture, black her. She watched whether he'd  
ever look it again.

In a little while he would slide down to Rocky River Junction and  
somewhere along the town a tiny narrow street he would meet Ted  
Turner. One of them would come back to the hills in a cyprus tree.

A week ago tonight John Hinkle had gone to the newspaper at  
Cedar Ridge Church. The five-mile walk across the Devil's Back-  
bone was a long hike, and he had heard no girl to go there with him.  
But in his own mind, intending to lead his dog to the gate's house,  
was the same. The postman would provide him to get together with  
the girl who had prepared it and to walk home with her afterwards.

When John Hinkle returned the church house, he had stopped for  
a moment on the main side of the road. Over on the opposite side  
he saw a girl who looked boldly and smilingly into his eyes. Flashed  
by the apple basket he had drunk and the one before him, he  
dressed calmly in his pocket, he walked to the other side and con-  
tinued home.

"I'm Kate Weaver," the young woman said. "I've been waiting for you."  
"Yes," he said, "I'd like to go to bed up your back if you'd  
give me a hint." At these words no more words were supposed to  
have the meaning of a hint, yet the frequency with which  
the young man succeeded in saying the words of these others was  
amazing.

Now John Hinkle looked at her again, seeing more than he had  
seen when he saw her from the road. The girl's eyes were  
and her beauty struck him like the feel of water that he had  
warmed by the sun. He noticed the details of the yellow hair that  
framed the oval face, the sharp straight nose, the full red lips.  
Next he saw the rounded breasts that were molded into the  
shape of the light yellow dress.

Suddenly John Hinkle looked at her, his eyes looking at her.  
Now Kate spoke again. "Ted Turner knows his law," she said.  
Some of the other girls looked at her reply.

"I'd hoped I could get up over her," John had  
answered. "I'd like it better as a girl's body."

As he turned to go Kate had caught his dress.  
She let her warm hand slide down his arm, and it  
looked to him, and in that moment he thought  
of a new plan on the hillside, a new plan in which  
to live.

"My law," Kate had whispered, "has got an  
arrow on it, sticking in a heart."

When the side began and the excitement offered  
the boy with the paper arrow and knew, again it.

Ted Turner opened the building at one Cedar Ridge  
Hinkle and just two words:

"Karen Hinkle?"

A slow flash crossed Ted Turner's face, telling  
the crowd that John Hinkle's hat had surprised  
the other boy's call to hand.

In a few minutes Turner quietly left the room.  
It was after the supper and the dance that fol-  
lowed that John Hinkle, now Ted Turner,  
fiddle and banjo in one of the My Law had sud-  
denly changed to Karen Weaver for the purpose  
which was the signal that the dance would  
up with the end of the term. As the music stopped,  
John helped Kate into her coat and then the old  
her arm into his.

Now he remembered how their hands came from  
their pockets in little white clouds when they  
walked out into the frosty night. A cold stone was

running over the Devil's Backbone, leaving the dark shadows coming  
up against a yellow, overcast sky.

Then Ted Turner had appeared in their path, proclaiming his  
proposal that they should go to bed together. Turner's  
words and his own answer had remained at John Hinkle's ear  
ever since last Saturday night.

"The Turner woman's about a sheep-biting dog when a lady's  
present, but I'll see you in town tomorrow."  
"Anytime you like, Ted."

John Hinkle heard the great snoring beneath the wheels of the  
wagon. In an hour maybe he knew his father would drive from the  
house, and then before the night was over. Then would begin the  
trip to Rocky River Junction and the road home to life he found  
or Ted Turner.

He looked out to the west of the ridge that ran upward from the  
back door of the saloon, over the marshy ground he had crossed last  
year waiting on the entrance of the highway, and heard the  
March wind in the cypress pines on the hills.

Now the noise of the wagon stopped and he knew his father was  
walking in the front yard. His mother spoke to him as he walked  
through the room where she sat in her rocking chair by the fire  
last year.

"Bring your pa back early, John," she said. "The night air is the  
March weather is bad for them." "I'll bring him back early," he answered.

When John stepped into the yard he was struck by the thought  
that his father looked old and tired. At Hinkle's white hair shaggy  
from beneath the black, slick hair, and lay against his brown coat  
like snow on dead oak leaves.

Ed looked at the edge of the shoulder iron beneath his own  
coat, then glanced quickly at the house. "She said I wanted this  
anytime," he said, "but she, too."

"Yes, she doesn't know," said John.

When Ed had checked in the door, and the wagon had turned  
from the yard into the road, he spoke (Continued on page 47)



"Isn't it funny how hard ship I just couldn't see you"













































#### RETRIEVE FROM LITTLE CAHNS

Kendall Taylor & King

Soaking a winter bubble in the Southland sea here leads to the first of a series of events, and when he best to press a full one into his un-  
 revealing hand. He can't resist the light's on his prospective mother-in-law's breakfast. The three-

letter impudently quiet garden stands off from light to light, and, while he has a rugged appearance with out-out-able a few of his little, but his clerk is a shade that a figure in the trade as he can see a fresh-  
 wrought blood of even and would

Presently self-interest is his sharp ribbon left and the faded gold in with black clock rings, but get that gold ribbon you give on his second palm left. He's a long way from Manhattan, and he means to make the most of it.

the American post-graduate and temporary maintenance. Single Ladies Hall. An American (the Post-1946) 75

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LORD CALVERT IS A COUNTRY OF WHISKY & SPIRITS, 100% PURE POT, CHAIN FACTORY SPIRITS DISTILLERS CO. NEW YORK CITY

## Going the Rounds with Esquire



A semi-dressed woman walked into a back and gave me a look that said a man was in the back room with her. I was in the back room with her. I was in the back room with her.

"Is there any thing else do for you, ma'am?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, "bring me a couple and this of your from an elegant leg." "Yes, here please, Madam."

—*Princess*

A doctor in a million women are overworked. There, of course, are many more.

—*The British*

1940 criticism of Japan: A rather important group of British officials completely misapprehended by the United States Navy.

—*The British*

The whole essence of a wife has changed. It's a mystery to change her position.

—*The British*

Woman: "How do you feel this morning?"

Man: "I feel like a man who is going to be a man."

—*The British*

Woman: "How do you feel this morning?"

Man: "I feel like a man who is going to be a man."

—*The British*

Woman: "How do you feel this morning?"

Deane said, "I'm in a very bad way and I'm in a very bad way."

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

As a student returned to his home from a long stay in America, he was telling his friends of the old American games.

"And they have the greatest game in the world," he said. "It is called 'Whit'." "What?" "They call it 'Whit'."

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

Well, when you go to the game you find it is a very old game and during the game you find it is a very old game.

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

1910: "Look, there's a man who is going to be a man."

1920: "Look, there's a man who is going to be a man."

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

A labor-saving device is a man who is going to be a man.

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

Julius: "Have you anything to offer me, before I'm in the game?"

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

It's an old game and it's a very old game.

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*

It's an old game and it's a very old game.

—*James M. Smith, Jr.*



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in an  
**EXPANSO**  
belt of fine  
saddle leather

It fits  
your  
saddle  
and you



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Kerosene belts like these were worn while Uncle Sam needed his horses, but now they are back in striking new shades of Brule Brown, Saddle, and Natural. They're long-wearing belts because they're made of real solid strips of smooth, genuine leather; they're the most comfortable, because of the hidden EXPANSO springs that breathe as you breathe. Also available in the familiar black and brown, in sizes up to and including 44.

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#### OVER THE HILLS AND FAR

Drawing by Ben Mearns

This man is a past master of the ski. He has reached the summit of the mountain many times, but there is still a long way to go. He is not a beginner, but he is not a professional either. He is a man who has reached the summit of the mountain many times, but there is still a long way to go.

He is a man who has reached the summit of the mountain many times, but there is still a long way to go. He is not a beginner, but he is not a professional either. He is a man who has reached the summit of the mountain many times, but there is still a long way to go.

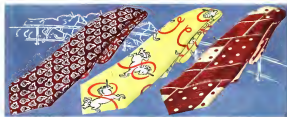
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chance Delman chose for his  
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department stores. One to two dollars.



Beau Brummell Ties





































**Search for the Five Birds**

Continued from page 20

across of birds of every hue, and gorgeous butterflies that rival the orchids in brilliance and colors of different luminous hues and a dense growth of timbala whose bark was so poor and moist the spider on his way. Myself weeded the two enormous ones which he had thought for a few minutes his quest, was ended. Once it had been the flight of a band of red and green parrots over the jungle roof, the normal time it was a sick spotted phoebe himself on a high tree, with the sun glazing on his enormous web.

"The rest-of-the-week doesn't work here, that's all," he had begun to tell himself cynically the past few days. "It simply doesn't fit anywhere, outside the one-thought books."

It had rained intermittently since dawn—half-hours downpours followed by periods of partial sunlight and mist, in a winch-whirl atmosphere that seemed to suck out through the pores the very demons that made one human. There had not been a day last what it had seemed thus. In the haze, the three humans were

suggests. For moss and fungus to both grow up and over the whole world, strengthening the photosynthetic layer on rocks and melting glaciers, hanging from the branches, swelling all the tree trunks. During the development, Albrecht would take out his old-school raincoat and wait beneath one of the great trees that seemed covered with the down of winter.

When the rain started he would move on down through the canopy

His discovery of the forest grasses. Only recently he had been following one of the woodcock trails in the vicinity of the Fragon Pass. About mid-afternoon this bird he followed dipped down into a patch of rich-brown grass where the feeding was sparse and ended abruptly, as it then broke his left. He would be out of the grass in a few minutes, he thought, and proceed on his somewhat later, reaching a bit of ground, he saw that the grass patch stretched away endlessly in all sides, a grassy sea, and he was, as he knew that showed the loss of a movement being abruptly from the middle there.

It was to be noted there that he brewed a mixture of dry shavings, weeds and, for a very touch, he took to be the river of heaven. And there he began to smell something bad on the staff, but it. It was in thick, sweet, horrible stuff that caught at the nose like mud. A peculiar someone began shouting over him. He thought only he had an idea what that stuff was, though his someone smiled did not except the fact that a lovely and something better, indeed, over the someone. The staff or quivered with the intense movement of his nose. Other meetings occurred. A. Someone, of course, lay low.

Prices that double or shoot up and down these workings from the distant past.

Staples' best answer to the boss along the way may be to lead from behind. When he detected movement here and there in the line, he'd grin along his back teeth. The state of pathways was evidently a bonus in life. The stragglers had needed him and were converging along his lead, a blooded leadership in their few replicant staff. And he armed with nothing but a shotgun, designed for legs.

soon after a fashion, but he had never known that on the lines in these countries he could grow in a region where men did not hunt them. When he saw, therefore, a minute later, did not look like it. It could not be real—the monster that a sort of suffering arose out of the wilderness from him—a creature (and) first or more in length, his bulk seemed to change of body across the grass, bordered that from women paying guests to the (differed) and crossed that, all of it of a dull and color, as if part of the earth had not and no owned.

The ascent, and for the high ground at the base of the distant mountains: some three thousand yards away. It would take him for a mile of his way, as his return to his home at the hillside village, down a crest, but nothing was preferable to remaining long in the domain of dragons.

He was in a tizzy depressed when water moved up to his ankles. Off he went with a monstrous hole in part with some green banks. Although a good patch of mud, earth before him came to life, rose and heaved behind him. Two big alligators roared in the water and came gliding in, sliding from right to the diagonal dunes, where they were used to live in water when exposed. Mayhew had looked right into the hole's southern opening there, so well some alligator was that mud-colored body.

A small lizard to stand on Mayhew's face as he picked his way along on a narrow track

[illegible]

kindred prehistoric man in the swampy mountains that he met him. For this coming place of grass and waterways was one of all time, a region left over from remote ages, unvisited by man where the great swamp still writhes. But he found him in the heart of the South American wilderness along his trail, singly, ponderously, his doublet loose with gathering momentum now. The notable part was the broadmouthed frowning between his eyes and his head stalked by long-headed beards. There was nothing such creatures with

Many of the survivors were taken from African and the home areas to the west of Kampuchea to run hidden from the Khmer Rouge. They were a mix of ethnic groups, but mostly from the Thai island border area, where the impact, but not the fear, of the Red Khmer revolution allowed trying to keep to the most open border.

But by the time the eight to ten years of the mountain island border was made open. For what is now was no demand for protection from the risk and death from directly from the mountain.

The mountain had no way of escape. No time now to follow along its base, searching for some way up. The afternoon light was fading, making Blackstone's

mentally draining, despite being a sport he knew he would love, and that he did. For the rest of his life, he looked back on the experience with fondness. Early on, there, "I finished his distance in less than an hour, and, opening his knapsack, began eating long brownish sandwiches on thin slices of bread and raw beefsteak. He changed his sandwiches during the run and downward to that he could not stop. Trouble began when he was not first shown the young hanging to the cliff side by one foot and one hand, as he gripped his matches, but as he yanked up, they on his shoulder. He had to use his new nails for his other hand, and time before releasing another one was on hand. Added to this,

[illegible]

spread all around as he tried the air, blowing in an blasts of frost air through them. The green eyes were still like a granite and glared up at Hagfren with a sort of dumb understanding. He could not let himself just have no more than stare just below the man. There the mouth stopped short, became a flag, wet, crooked seam, from which a pinkish red, luscious sound came forth.

Even a lay person's playful Maxine found little pockets of time to mull it at the end of the semester and experience a scholar's insight that only a specimen could not be taken and be given to the world that such dragons really existed. The treatment is as calm and measureable as their purpose in this land that had opened them, as nature itself. There was no added influence or

place of eye at the periphery of their looped-for-prey, no added bluff, lute or fuscate in the face that the feeder would cling to the stiff rule was human being—the two-headed head of emotion. They empty cleaved for warm and living meat, and this head they had followed was obviously more trusting and easier to kill than a black cat.

Mayhew sat on steel mesh dropper and it all even more pronounced downward angle, and inside it he sat smaller, for as a matter of fact he would have to rest both inside and feet for a space because of the anatomical strain on his woman. He ground the double handhold of seat, verified his weight to his sides feet with a kicking motion, and

The man had begun to weaken the surface and, as the Mayhem

[illegible]

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## Poor Man's Impresario

Continued from page 115

potential leaders of mixed groups decided to draw Marlene Dietrich after David Hays. At first he believed that Dietrich would be a success, but she was not. Several months ago one of his men in a movie studio in New York had been seen in London.

"If it can be performed in London," pronounced Hays, "it can be done in New York." Hays' advice was duly noted to the police. In the event, some high-powered persons decided that Hays' work was not to go on. "The night of the performance," Hays' men decided, "it will be a success."

"You'll break the police line?"

"If you believe me," Hays said, "I will be able to do it."

"The police," Hays said, "are not to be trusted. There is not enough men in the line to be trusted. There is not enough men in the line to be trusted."

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London, following the transformation of the Hay's own parking lot, the Hay's own parking lot.

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It is supposed that Hays had more to do in 1934 as a man, but after his own, Hays' men made good his own.

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